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ject however simple, any theme however humble. It is spiritual, and, being so, it is of more importance than the material, which, however, in its efforts to express it, necessarily rises and becomes ennobled in its turn. Mr. Griswold has seen much in nature; he loves her, reverences her, studies her. It is not possible for a man to be so minded, and to devote himself, with even so much zeal as he has displayed, to reporting what he has seen without producing good work. This work is good. If we do not admit that it is the best, no one, we are sure, knows better than the artist the measure of its deficiency.

STUDY OF ROCKS, MOUNT DESERT, No. 420—A. W. WARREN.

A strong and vigorous study of a real pile of rocks, in which the artist has dared to paint the sky blue, the sea green, and to put all the powerful and varied colors in the rocks for which this spot is remarkable. It is not difficult to tell that the sun is shining on these rocks. The sharp purple shadows and the masses of bright light tell the story completely. The picture grows upon us; every time we see it we like it better. There is a fresh, breezy, out-of-door look about it which is most refreshing in a picture, and what we ought to find in every picture, but, alas, there is scarcely one in a hundred that has it. As we were studying and enjoying this picture, the other day, a cultivated clergyman, of New York City, with two ladies, came along. When they reached this picture they stopped short, evidently amazed at the audacity of the artist. Gentleman to his companion—"Did you ever see such an astonishing picture as that 420?" Lady—"No! I never did. Such color!" Gentleman—"Yes, it looks like a study of rock candy." Lady—"Rock candy! oh, excellent!" We wish such people would go and look at the place before condemning a picture

which is really more truthfully and carefully painted than any landscape in this gallery, except Mr. Griswold's and Mr. Moore's. We have enjoyed it very much: the blue sky, the green sea, and the color of the rocks, knowing them to be true. We wish there were more delicacy of drawing and subtlety of light and shade. The execution is rather coarse and painty. But we are very glad to see it, and heartily wish there were more such "astonishing" pictures in the exhibition.

BIG STREAM POND, SENECA LAKE, No. 431—W. C. POTTER.

Almost literally, hung on the ceiling. Through the intervening space, which is great, this looks like a real scene, conscientiously and carefully painted. It is such a distance from the spectator that it is quite impossible to distinguish the quality of the work or the measure of its truthfulness; but it looks real and natural, which is much more than can be said for most of the landscapes in the exhibition. If the committee will hang pictures on the ceiling, why do they not provide ladders for those who wish to see them? One ten-foot ladder in each gallery would not be a very great expense, and would be a great convenience to the public. It would save many a stiff neck and aching eye.

STUDY ON THE SUSQUEHANNA, No. 541—C. W. WATERS.

Another simple, natural-looking landscape by a new name, also on the ceiling. This artist has evidently been trying to paint nature as she is, and not to make a "pleasing picture." It is earnest, but crude in color, too blue and gray for nature's sunlight. These three pictures, simple and unimportant as they are, relieve the painful barrenness of this splendid wall, spoiled as it is with the glaring vulgarity of Bierstadt, the laughable weakness of Louis Lang, and the Germanesque conventions of De Haas.